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The Taxi 013



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Chapter 1 by Embla

Hi there! Now I'll tell you something strange happened three years ago.

It was autumn, there was slush and mud. You could hear children playing a bit away from where I was standing. Today, I would take a taxi home to grandma from school. I checked on my silver watch, quarter past "It should come now," I thought, and put me on a bicycle rack. I looked down into a puddle at my feet and reviewed my shoulder short brown hair and my unnaturally blue eyes, it was like staring into a sondär board with a person who only looks at one with big eyes. After a while, I looked up and there stood only a white taxi there with registration code DEATH 013, I had not heard or seen it. I stood up and threw the backpack over his shoulder. "Hi my name is Caroline Stenfors, I'll go with denhärl cab?" I said and looked at the man with the hidden face sitting in the driver's seat. He nodded slowly. I pulled into the fresh air in the nose and sat in the back seat. I was afraid that he would not stay at grandma's house and just going to pass but I said no. The taxi started moving but I did not hear the engine or gravel under the wheels, it made me even more afraid what this was for the taxi. I leaned back to calm me down. We came out on motror the way, I looked out through the window there came a car, they drove right through us "Huh ?! stop now, I will not!" I exclaimed and got tears in my eyes. But the driver just sat there and drove like nothing had happened. Then I heard the click of the door that locks up, I pulled at the handle that did not go up. "I want to go home!" I shouted, but giving time did not bother the driver, "I will die, I will die!" I thought. I started to fiddle with the belt but it was as if the buckle sat glued.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



The driver didn't stop though

All cars stopped

It goes a little like this

If you want to sing along

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Death is a driver

Who takes you where you've been
He shows you all the sights
That you've never even seen

You entered in his cab
As freely as can be
But now you find yourself
Just longing to be free

Chapter 3 by Rosetta



"But I can't be free!" I scream, now kicking at the seat. Tears start to roll down my face faster and faster until they can't stop. They keep rolling and rolling until they all dry up.

With all of that, the cab driver still did not notice me.

So I took my foot and with all my might slammed it up against the window. The window did not break, though my foot may have.

"I'm dying! Somebody help me!" I scream.

Then I fell asleep.

Chapter 4 by oc



How I fell asleep, I do not know.

But I did have some pretty effed up dreams (Excuse me French.)

A dream about a man, laying on a green field of grass bare of any and all flowers. Laying next to him was a woman.

Dressed in all black head to toe.

She leaned over to him and whispered in his ear,

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"Bring me the girl!"

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And that's when I woke up.

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